

THE
OLD COACHMAN:
A New Ballad.

To which is added,

LABOUR IN VAIN.



L O N D O N !

Printed for W. WEBB near St. Paul's. 1742.

[Price Sixpence.]

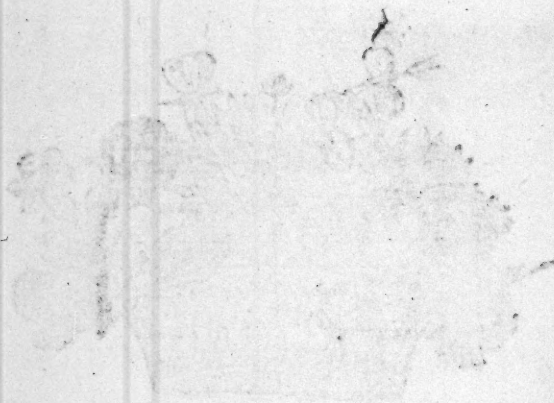
THE
OLD COACHMAN:



A New Ballad.

To which is added,

LABOUR IN VAIN.



LONDON:

Printed for W. Webb, near St. Paul's. 1742.

[Price Sixpence.]



THE
OLD COACHMAN:
A New BALLAD.

I.

WISE *Caleb* and *C - - - t*, two Birds of a Feather,
Went down to a Feast at *N - - - s* together:
No matter what Wines, or what choice of good Cheer,
Tis enough that the Coachman had his Dose of Beer.
Derry down, down, high derry down.

II.

Coming Home, as the Liquor work'd up in his Pate,
This Coachman drove on at a damnable Rate:
Poor *C - - - t*, in Terror, and scar'd all the while,
Cry'd, "Stop! Let me out! Is the Dog an *Argyle*?"
Derry down, &c.

III.

But he soon was convinc'd of his Error; for, lo,
John stopt short in the Dirt, and no further would go.
When *C - - - t* saw this, he observ'd with a Laugh;
"This Coachman, I find, is your own, my Lord *Bath*."
Derry down, &c.

IV.

IV.

Now the Peers quit their Coach, in a pityful Plight,
Deep in Mire, and in Rain, and without any Light;
Not a Path to pursue, nor to guide them a Friend;
What Course shall they take then, and how will this end?

Derry down, &c.

V.

Lo! Chance, the great Mistress of human Affairs,
Who governs in Councils, and conquers in Wars;
Strait with Grief at their Case (for the Goddess well knew,
That these were her Creatures, and Votaries true:)

Derry down, &c.

VI.

This *Chance* brought a Passenger quick to their Aid.
Honest Friend, can you drive?---What should ail me? he said.
For many a bad Season, through many a bad Way,
Old O-f--d I've driven, without stop or stay.

Derry down, &c.

VII.

He was once overturn'd, I confess, but not hurt:
Quoth the Peers, it was we help'd him out of the Dirt.
This Boon to thy Master, then prithee requite,
Take us up, or here we must wander all Night.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin,
Drove away for St. *James's*, and brought them safe in:
Learn hence, honest *Britons*, in spite of your Pains,
That O-f--d, old Coachman, still governs the Reins.

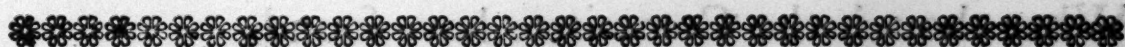
Derry down, down, high derry down.





Labour in Vain.

A SONG, an Hundred Years old.



To the Tune of MOLLY MOGG.



I.

YE Patriots, who twenty long Years
Have struggled our Rights to maintain:
View the End of your Labours and Fears,
And see them all ended in Vain.

II.

Behold! in the Front stands your Hero,
Behind him his Patriot Train:
Hear him rail at a Tyrant and *Nero*;
Yet his Railing all ended in Vain.

III.

Then see him attack a Convention,
And calling for Vengeance on *Spain*:
What Pity such noble Contention
And Spirit should end all in Vain!

IV.

IV.

That the Place-Bill he got for the Nation,
Was only a Shadow, is plain:
For now 'tis a clear Demonstration,
The Substance is ended in Vain.

V.

His bloody and horrible Vow,
Which once gave the Courtiers such Pain,
No longer alarums them now,
For his Threats are all ended in Vain.

VI.

What though the Committee have found,
That *Or - - d*'s a Traitor in Grain;
Yet wiser than they may compound,
And Justice be ended in Vain.

VII.

How certain would be our Undoing,
Should the People their Wishes obtain?
Then to save us from danger of Ruin,
He has ended our Wishes in Vain.

VIII.

Then let us give Thanks and be glad,
That he knew how our Passion to rein,
And wisely prevented the Bad,
By ending the Good all in Vain.

IX.

About *Brutus* let *Rome* disagree,
We won't from our Praises refrain;
Our *Brutus* has more Cause than he
To declare even Virtue in Vain.

X.

Three Thousand five Hundred a Year,
He valu'd it not of a Grain;
His Scorn of such Filth is most clear,
Since that too he ended in Vain.

XI.

Corruption he hates like a Toad,
And calls it the National Bane,
Yet damn'd T - - -s, his Virtue to load,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

XII.

He rejects all Employments and Places,
And thinks ev'ry Pension a Stain :
Yet T - - - - s, with their damn'd fly Faces,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

XIII.

In spite of his Caution and Care,
To avoid the Appearance of Gain,
Say those Tories, his Wife has a Share,
And all is not ended in Vain.

F I N I S.

X.
Three Thousand five Hundred a Year,
He valud it not of a Grain;
His Scorn of such Filth is most clear;
Since that too he ended in Vain.

XI.
Corruption he hates like a Toad,
And calls it the National Bane;
Yet damnd T. - - - his Vices to lead,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.



XII.
He rejects all Temporal Power,
And thinks of it as a curse;
Yet T. - - - with their worldly views,
Say, that all is not ended in Vain.

XIII.
In spite of his Censure and Contempt,
To avoid the Appearance of
Say that T. - - - has a heart
And all is not ended in Vain.